

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JULY 9, 1887.

[NUMBER 19]

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THE Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, have just issued "LESSONS ON LUKE," a manual for a union course of lessons for the year beginning with the first Sunday in September, 1887. It will be used by three of the four Unitarian Sunday-schools in Chicago, and other schools are cordially invited to join in the course. Reports of the Union Teachers' meetings and other helps on this course of study will be published in UNITY from week to week. The manual contains 64 pages with stiff paper cover, and will be mailed to any address for examination on receipt of 25 cents. The same matter is also printed on separate leaflets, one for each Sunday, which will be furnished Sunday-schools at 35 cents per hundred copies.

**

WE have now ready for distribution a descriptive list of the liberal religious books published by G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York, all of which we shall keep constantly in stock. The catalogue will be sent to any address on application, but we make room here for a brief summary of the titles and prices of the books catalogued:

Felix Adler's *Creed and Deed*. \$1.00.

Count Goblet d'Alviella's *The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought*. Translated by J. Moden. \$3.00.

John W. Chadwick's *The Bible of To-day*. \$1.00.

H. W. Conn's *Evolution of To-day*. \$1.75.

T. W. Rhys-Davids' *The Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by Indian Buddhism*. \$2.50.

O. B. Frothingham's works; see advertisement on next page.

F. L. Hosmer's *The Way of Life*. \$.50.

James K. Hosmer's *The Story of the Jews*. \$1.50.

Heber Newton's works:

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The Teacher's Conscience. By Charles G. Eliot, 5 cents.
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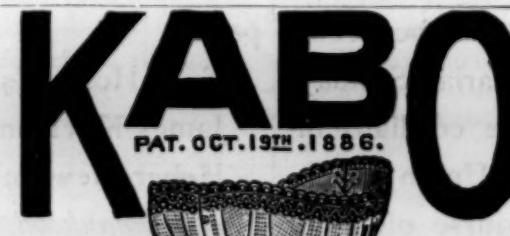
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EDITORIAL.

WE do not wish men to act as if nothing were known and nothing valuable had been done; but that would be less an evil than to suppose all is known and nothing to be done.

THE fear of death is really for many people nothing more than the fear of losing their bodies; as for their souls they have lost those long since. They cannot bear to think of a cessation of their physical senses and pleasures, though their minds and affections have scarcely ever been objects of regard and cultivation.

WHOEVER pronounces the word "Evolution" as the rational symbol of his religious philosophy or faith, thereby links himself with all the past. The believer in "development" has in his hand no instrument wherewith to sever himself from any historic good. He stands on the shoulders of all time. All effects are thus bound to all causes.

WE often hear of the number of Unitarians to be found in orthodox churches;—not those who have been made such by orthodox preaching, but more particularly those who have been fitted for those fellowships by Unitarian preaching. Neither "ethical" nor "Christian" Unitarians appear to be covetous of the chief honor in this business. Each seems to be quite willing to give the credit to the other party. And yet it would look reasonable that the transition would be easiest between those who stood nearest together, would it not? Take Phillips Brooks's church in Boston, for example, which is said to have many Unitarians in it. Are they more likely to have gone there from Theodore Parker's old society, or Mr. Savage's, or from the First church and King's chapel? It would be easy to make a similar comparison in other cities.

ST. LOUIS has been trying the Sunday closing law. The strain is likely to be a severe one. It is hoped by the license and beer-garden advocates that the "test-cases" now before the courts will result in a decision of the unconstitutionality of the law, which was originally passed in 1857. The press gives little encouragement of enforcement. The German papers treat it as a part of the puritanism of the churches, and speak bitterly of the selfishness of the clergy of the "Evangelical Alliance," who manage to shut up all places of resort for the poor and over-worked, then close their churches for the heated term and go off on fine salaries to enjoy vacation pleasures, by sea and land. Mr. Snyder preached on the folly of making Sabbatarianism the ground for this form of legislation, with an appeal to the public to broaden and multiply all rational means of Sunday amusement and recreation. If a great city leaves its crowded masses to be furnished with entertainment on Sundays by private enterprise, it is very likely to take that form out of which the most money can be made.

ST. JEROME, that great scholar and gossip among the Latin fathers, was much given to dreams and visions. He liked the smooth style of Cicero. He disliked the uncouth idiom of the Scriptures. Once, however, in the spirit, he was summoned before the Judge of the Universe. "Who art thou?" asked a voice. "I am a Christian," replied Jerome. "Thou liest," thundered back the great Judge, "thou art naught but a Ciceronian." Thereupon he betook himself to the Sacred Writings "Thou knowest, O Lord," he prayed, "that whenever I have and study secular writings I deny Thee."

But the change did not temper his spirit. He became the most reckless partisan of the western church.

The Thoughtful Unchurched.

Nearly thirty years ago, at a religious anniversary in the city of New York, Rev. Doctor Osgood, still loyal to the Unitarian name, prophesied the church to be. In his vision he saw a building of God. Into it a great company entered: the High Church of Pope Hildebrand, the Low Church of John Calvin, and the No-Church of Ralph Waldo Emerson—all united in the Broad Church of a Divine Humanity.

Emerson was his typical man of the unchurched. "But this No-Church (he said) is to be respected." There are elements outside of all forms of Christianity indispensable to a rounded faith; and the church of the future must "take the 'No-Church' into its keeping."

Emerson then was the favorite type of a man unchurched—denying himself the luxury of a religion. But now we see there are many types. Besides transcendentalists there are scientists, statesmen, reformers, authors, ethical culturists—how many names under these heads rise to our thought! What university does not number such among its ablest professors? What community can not name such among its influential citizens?

Doubtless the first question of the Unitarian, or of any church, concerns the life lived within itself. Religion above all things begins at home, and with the individual. The first law of an effective altruism is self-fidelity. Has the personal character been disciplined and renewed?

"This above all,—to thy own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Even the second duty of the church, in importance, is perhaps that which it owes to the thoughtless unchurched: to the weak and ignorant and bad. But because we have felt that, as a church, we had some special fitness for appealing to the intelligent and strong, the question is inevitably asked which involves our relations to the thoughtful unchurched.

"All, as many as we are (said Renan to an English audience), we are sons of martyrs." Yes; and these men standing outside of religious fellowships are the sons of martyrs! Get at their history and you shall find that somewhere back a heart was pierced for an honest doubt; a life was hurt or blasted for opinion's sake. Not a few stand there as martyrs in their own right, wearing names of pitiless odium placed there by the sects. The church of God ordained to teach religion and virtue has cumbered itself with cabalism and tradition; it has made thinking with honesty a peril, and existence a burden; until good men and true welcomed excommunication as a relief and joy.

But why trouble ourselves about these? Because we can not help it. Because we are a Unitarian church. Because so recently we ourselves were cast out standing for freedom and for reason, and still remember the epithets that were lavished upon us. Nor has the Christian world even yet forgotten or forgiven us for our religious crimes. So we feel ourselves near these exiles of faith, better fitted than others to enter into their thought, to do them justice. Our mission is to unbelievers. Moreover we think we see how religion stabs itself, dooms itself to eternal incompleteness, while it seeks to organize without their presence or their aid. We ought to be able to make them feel that they need us, but we need them.

"There are many of our best men (said Max Müller in

July 9, 1887

Westminster Abbey), men of the greatest power and influence in literature, science, art, politics, aye, even in the church itself, who are no longer Christian in the old sense of the word. Some imagine that they have ceased to be Christians altogether, because they feel that they can not believe as much as others profess to believe. We can not afford to lose these men; nor shall we lose them if we learn to be satisfied with what satisfied Christ and the apostles, with what satisfied many a hard-working missionary."

Christianity has been identified with civilization, yet what do we see? A church calling itself Christian, freely offering salvation and fraternal sympathy to a negro of the plantation, or to an Indian of the reserve, yet hesitating to make a fellowship here or a hope hereafter broad enough to include men like Emerson and Darwin, or women like Harriet Martineau and George Eliot!

Can we do anything to correct this false perspective of the creeds? Or have we only some milder martyrdom kept in store for those who will not speak our phrases or think our thoughts? If any duty rests upon us in this matter more than upon others, it is to be just to men who, by the free use of reason, have been forced out of religious associations. We have much yet to learn from the representatives of non-conformity and infidelity. Mostly they have been driven into their antagonism by inadequate ideas of God, by a Christianity repulsive to intelligence, by a worship destitute of dignity and sincerity.

We have heard it said in our time that "no man is an atheist who believes in a single attribute of God." So, no man is an infidel who believes in a single virtue. Church member or not, and before that was possible, he was a child of God; and any virtue practiced is a form of enthusiasm; is a letter in the language of worship; is the germ which holds in it the potency of an elaborate ritual. We have not to create a sentiment, but to organize and develop a sentiment which already exists. It is on this ground that the Unitarian church historically stands. The first and simplest form of spiritual consciousness, the soul's native and inalienable conviction, leads up and on until life opens upon all human and cosmic and divine relations. If some cry out to you to put a roof over men's heads, reply, "But we cannot build a house from roof down; we must build from foundation up," or have but a castle in the air.

When Luther made his simple catechism for the least instructed in the Christian faith, he wished also to frame a form of worship so broad that even the heathen and Turks might join in it. And Frederick Denison Maurice, saturated with Christian feeling, would not have the co-operative societies of England carry the word "Christian" in their organization, well knowing, as he said, that "there were many reasons besides disbelieving" which made men unwilling to use it. "I have felt (he wrote) that a Working College, if it is to do anything, must be in direct hostility to the Secularists; that is to say, must assert that as its foundation principle which they are denying. But to do this effectually it must also be in direct hostility to the Religionists; that is to say, it must assert the principle that God is to be sought and honored in every pursuit, not merely in something technically called religious."

What, then, is our thought of a Broad Church? It is the most "complete expression," "the most effective organization of the moral order." It is a co-operative society of righteous endeavor. It is a school of the motives, a college of the sentiments, and a field of action. There we are to learn the relations of man to man, of man to the universe, in order to feel and live them. All are welcome. And we do not foreclose thought in that institution by pledging any learner to conclusions not reached by his own powers. We lead him on and up as far as we can, to the best and highest we know. We would approach all men, whether within or without, with self-evidencing testimony, with charity, with truthfulness, with impartiality. We would teach them to discern the deep significance of every responsible act; to invest their daily words and deeds with faithfulness; with conscience, which is

"the creative principle of religion;" with a spirit which permits no isolation of human lives or callings; but with divine sympathy links least with largest, finite with infinite.

J. C. L.

Morality of Newspapers.

D. R. Goudie, of this city, has written a strong editorial in his good paper, *The Best of Everything*, for June 25th. After quoting from a daily newspaper an article in praise of a recent act of the Illinois legislature against selling tobacco to minors, Mr. Goudie remarks:

"The above article meets our entire approval, and we sincerely trust that the act referred to will be 'vigorously enforced.' We also want to draw the attention of our readers to the somewhat singular circumstance that while the editor was inserting his editorial 'Against Selling Tobacco to Minors,' the advertising department of his paper was putting in a two-column advertisement in favor of a new brand of five-cent cigars. In other words, while the editor was showing up the evils arising from the use of tobacco by the children, and laying the lash on the backs of 'the petty hucksters,' 'the miserable people who carry on this traffic utterly indifferent to the injury they are doing, and the vicious and criminal habits they are inculcating, so long as they gather in the nickles,' his 'wicked partner,' the business manger, is raking in—not nickles—but hundreds of dollars for doing precisely the same work as the 'petty hucksters,' only he is doing it in a wholesale manner.

* * * * *

We have reprinted from the same paper admirable articles denouncing the drinking habits of the people, and showing up in the most telling language the wretchedness, misery and crime that comes from indulgence in strong drink, and a few days thereafter we have seen an entire page of the paper given up to an audacious and lying advertisement of a new brand of bad whisky with a nice name. Who can measure the injury that may have been inflicted on individuals and society by that and subsequent advertisements of the same kind? The advertiser certainly did not pay hundreds of dollars for his "ad." without the belief that he was going to make many new customers. If he did make customers what follows? Drunkards, misery, wretchedness, poverty and death.

* * * * *

The editor sits in his sanctum and preaches temperance, or even prohibition. He thunders out his anathemas on the liquor dealer, and deplores the evils of the drink habit, while the business manager rakes in the dollars by spreading before the people the lying advertisements by which the suffering and the unwary are lured to a drunkard's doom. The editor does the work of the moralist and teacher for the subscription price of the paper, and the advertisement department does the work of the devil for the sake of the shekels. Verily it is a strange combination.

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One of the most necessary reforms of this age and country is a reform in the method of conducting our newspapers. As it is now the editor uses his columns for the denunciation of all kinds of rascality, boodleism, etc., and the business manager charges so much per line for advertisements, the only and obvious purpose of which is to swindle the unsuspecting greenhorns out of their money.

* * * * *

"Who will help us to teach the newspapers consistency? Who will give us a hand for a raid on our great dailies? Echo answers, who? This paper wants advertising and wants it bad, yet we have no hesitation in saying that there is no liquor dealer, no gambler, no 'business chance' shark, etc., rich enough to buy one inch of space in its columns. Not because our paper is a temperance organ—for it is not. Not because we are under any obligation to any sect or party—for we are not—but simply because we consider it the duty of a paper to be consistent with itself. If it preaches temperance, honesty and fair-dealing in its editorial columns, it should be careful that its advertising space does not counteract and destroy the value of its teaching."

These are good ringing words. They have a tone of a bell calling the people to soberness and truth. If we know Mr. Goudie aright, his paper will set a good example. The advertising pages of our huge dailies and weeklies are traps, snares, and black pits of fraud and shame which perplex the innocent, entice the weak, lead on the erring, and defile the whole country. And all for the dollar! If only *some* papers offended in this odious matter they could be cut off from the household and family table, and left where they belong with other unwholesome and unrespectable things. But as all err in this detestable way, sound-hearted and sound-minded people either must forego the news altogether, or take it into their families mingled with this shameless traffic. But shame on the editors who do it, say we! And the greater shame the more their position makes them inaccessible to reproach or penalty, and hence lays on them, if they had the conscience to feel it, the more serious responsibility.

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Whirlpools.

One strange, weird night,
When heaved the ocean's boundless breast
All silvered with the full moon's light,
I could not rest.

Our ship sailed fast ;
The gleaming waters of the sea,
Toward our right, whirled, circling past
In majesty.

Drawn round and round
In still, smooth, swift, restless flow,
The current like a thread was wound,
And sucked below.

White hands upraised,
And pale, beseeching faces set
Toward the zenith—these, amazed,
My vision met.

I could not reach ;
In vain the faces turned to me ;
But when my last gaze yielded each
Unto the sea

There lay, beneath,
The safe, strong arms of God's great love ;
And so I saw the billows wreath,
And smiled above.

Thanks for your care !
What fine proportions match these walls
To yonder frescoed ceiling there !
This scene appals !

Here ebbs and flows
A strong high tide of human life,
And to my ear the uproar grows
Tumultuous strife.

The garment's hem,
The borders of the room are calm ;
The power of mind lifts out of them
Half like a psalm.

One finger feels
The centering pulses of the world,
When swift the bulletin reveals
How, hurled and whirled,

The hot blood leaps
From point to higher point "On Change;"
And fresh life round the maelstrom creeps
In closer range.

This is the pit !
The circling whirlpool, drawing down
All venturing mortals into it
To burn, not drown.

For vice is fire
With awful anguish at its core ;
Are its red depths a funeral pyre,
And nothing more ?

Can I be mad ?
Or do these fiends forefingers hold
Toward each victim, making glad,
And shouting " Sold ! "

No lost soul cries
" Save, save me ! " Each is wrapt intent
Upon a hidden golden prize
Till life is spent.

Perhaps I dream,
But if the scene is such as this,
These human souls, down-circling, seem
In some abyss

Beyond compare
With cool, deep billows of the sea ;
—And yet the love of God is there,
Which comforts me.

Now let us go !
I have the picture in my heart,
And, seeing it, shall ever know
Thy kindly part.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Matthew Arnold as a Pleader for the Things of the Spirit.

Like Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Arnold has written a great deal on government, and like Mr. Ruskin he pleads always for an ideal state, an ideal truth, ideal justice, ideal manners, and an ideal religion. He is the farthest removed from your utilitarian.

But one is tempted to compare Mr. Arnold's views on democracy with those of some other famous defenders of it, to see how he stands by the side of those who are actually in the drift of the democratic spirit. Arnold is for equality, but he is still an aristocratic Englishman desiring equality on the terms, and only on the terms, of a fine culture. He does not propose to bend for a moment to the Philistine, to say nothing about the Populace.

Walt Whitman's democrat is one who can read Homer and Goethe, and then don a flannel shirt and go out among the crowd of workmen and take a real interest in their pursuits, not meeting them in a lofty condescension, but on equal terms. I must confess that Whitman's democrat has a deep attraction to me, the more so because he seems in harmony with that divine law that is vivifying, spiritualizing, up-lifting the human race. Does not the Christian philosophy say: "It behooved him to be made in all points like unto his brethren?" The spirit of the New Testament is, "I am among you as a servant." Caring for inferior things, for the weak, the ignorant, the outcast, for those who can not care for themselves, that is the nature of the All-Good. Going down to the very bottom of life to help up the lowest, that is the lesson of Christianity. When culture, and riches, and power estrange us from our kind, they have unmanned us, they have wrenched us from our vocation.

One must, however, hold to this view concerning Mr. Arnold's teaching on Democracy: the sum of it is correct, its dominant spirit is fused with a salutary wisdom.

There is this danger in America: Every one tends more and more to become no larger than his occupation—a mechanic is just a mechanic, a farmer is just a farmer, each one's mental vision comprehends no more than just the little firmament of his own daily cares. He becomes indifferent to ideas. His life is eked out in a dull routine, and from indifference to ideas he drifts into hardness, into insusceptibility to ideas. This secularizing tendency does exist among us in a frightful degree. And it comes from our insistent failure to see and emphasize the true end of life. Our democracy is not an unmixed blessing. Attend one of our "ruffianly nominations," where rankness, tobacco, whisky and profanity are as obtrusive as volubility and cheap philosophy, and you can not go away with much pride in our boasted franchise. We are constantly in danger, too, of putting mere quantity above quality. A government is a spiritual compact, and railroads, and machine shops and fine business houses—large material results—are not positive proof that we are advancing beyond all others in humaneness. Our thanksgiving sermon is generally a large-throated boast about the number of bushels of wheat and pounds of pork we have produced. I went, not long since, into a large town—a brag town of 30,000 inhabitants, whose material thrift is something phenomenal—to get a book; but how out of all proportion was the little bookstore I visited to

the surrounding vast store-houses and machine shops; and railroads! Just a few inferior books on the shelves and nobody buying those.

Now, Mr. Arnold comes to us and says, it is not so important that we have farmers and engineers and architects, as that we have *men*, and that it is not so important what one *has* as what one *is*. He justly condemns the wide-jawed greed for material gain which leads to indifference to the only absolute good, and he insists that governments must produce men and women. This places him among first-rate teachers. No first-rate mind will ever teach that one is first a mechanic—a handle of the state or social machine—but that he is first a man. He does not exist for his body, but his body for him. By the perversity of some ill-starred god we are fast making the soul the servant of the body in this railroading, all-for-trade country of ours. The natural man calls loudly for his due, and the modest, shrinking, spiritual man must sit meekly by while the lordly worldlings have their carouse. Matthew Arnold is the prophet of a better day. He possesses in a large degree what most men lack, a clear discernment of the chief good of life. He returns to it again and again with the insistence of Socrates, or one of the old Hebrew prophets. "And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take a firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish." (Discourse on Numbers.)

That for which Mr. Arnold stands, his highest and constant strain, is the sentiment of the ideal life. His pleading is for a renewed human society which shall find enjoyment in the things of the mind, in truth, righteousness and beauty. It is the old plea of Isaiah, Plato and Paul, which has been urged with so much charm of persuasion by Emerson and Ruskin.

Mr. Arnold's method is the one he attributes to the New Testament, it is the method of inwardness. It is not new but it is fine and rare. We may say of Arnold what Mr. Scherer says of Amiel: "His malady is sublime and the expression of it wonderful." We do not, it is true, find in Arnold the passionate longing to possess God which Arnold found in Obermann, and we find in Amiel. Arnold's spiritual yearnings are fine, they have been sublimated in the school of life and fused into one undefinable ecstasy of passion—the passion for perfection. There are points of resemblance between Amiel and Arnold. They have the same critical keenness, the same hungering for the things of the spirit, the same deftness of literary touch, the same distrust of conservative theological systems, the same method of referring all things to the spirit; but the Frenchman is the profounder, perhaps; his philosophy is deeper; and he is master of a pathos which Arnold lacks. But Arnold is more connected, more complete, and more consistent throughout in his philosophy.

Here, then, is Arnold's chief service to us: he brings brightness with him; he puts light into our eyes (as Joubert said of Plato), so that we can see the true and good when they are presented to us; and shall we not say that this illumination is more needed and more to be cherished and sought after than any grouping of mere bloodless, spiritless facts? He begets in us the habit of referring all things not to conventional standards—that is the habit of every commonplace thinker—but to eternal verity. He is an earnest apostle of things as they ought to be, as contradistinguished from things as they are. He insists that what we need is not more railroads and larger market reports, but more light. He is the greatest pleader of this century for culture, he has put a new life into the word; but the culture for which he pleads is vastly more than what your Philistine comprehends in that word. It is

the expansion of life on all sides toward perfection; it is to grow stronger, sweeter, purer, in the hidden man; to put far from oneself all seeming and to be bent on being. It would be easy to give a large number of extracts from Mr. Arnold's works which would clearly set forth this ruling spirit in them, but a small number must suffice now.

Of Heine he says: "To this intellectual deliverance there was the addition of something else wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance!"

Of Joubert he says:

"For certainly it is natural that the love of light, which is already, in some measure, the possession of light, should irradiate and beautify the whole life of him who has it."

Again:

"The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred, culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even greater!—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light."

Mr. Arnold has the Greek serenity and self-poise, his usual mood is quiet and subdued. His feelings are those of the thoroughly cultivated man in whom that wise temperance which is bred of thoughtfulness is in the mastery. At his best, his thought, whether in prose or poetry, is beautiful with a beauty which is everlasting; and it is radiant betimes with a light which is surely divine.

G. D. BLACK.

About Ourselves.

FROM A PAPER READ BY ROBERT COLLYER BEFORE THE CHANNING CLUB OF CHICAGO, JUNE 24, 1887.

There are some here this evening who may remember that time I can never forget. The hard, horny hand, only two weeks away from the hammer and the anvil when you clasped it in yours, and the face you saw not quite clean yet from the grime of the forge. And my tongue, when you asked me to preach in the old church on Washington street, had still the strong Yorkshire burr in it, and that almost unpardonable sin to a well-trained ear. I noticed it last summer in full force when an old friend on the other side of the water came to see me, and talking of another man who had come to grief observed: "Mr. Calleyer, there was a 'hi' on him, the 'hi' of providence." In the old times, when they told a lot of poor creatures to say "shibboleth," and they could only say "sibboleth," they slew them at the fords of the Jordan, so I was bewildered over that fatal letter, and could not get it right either way, to save my life. Nor did I know what to say to you beyond what I had said in my old mother church only a month before as a Methodist in very bad standing, who had been turned adrift because he would not believe in the eternal torments on which the old church set such a store, or in the total depravity of his own children—for that was where the trouble began on that question; or that men and women he deemed among the noblest he had ever known would be lost, because they did not believe in the trinity. A man, in a word, with plenty of reasons just then for what he could not believe, but very few for what he could.

It all comes back to me now when my hair has grown white in the service—the good and happy service of all these years; that sweet and noble welcome you gave me in despite of the heavy discount I must have drawn on your expectations, and your patience and loving kindness with the rude, rough anvil block in the old mother church first, and then in my ever dear Unity. You may have forgotten it. I never can; and can only say, when it all comes back to me, if I forget you and yours may my right hand forget its cunning. We hear now and then of self-made men, and, stumbling into the pulpit as I did, from nowhere in particular, and with no training, those

who do not know my secret might call me a self-made minister. It is not true. I am, under God, what you made me, the old Unitarians in this city first, and then the great, masterful, warm-hearted city. I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you clothed me with loving kindness; and I sit in my home far away from you now, and it all comes back to me fresh as the blossoms came back this spring. When the white man struck these prairies, and finding the natives, said: "Who are you, anyhow?" they answered: "We are Illinois"—that is, we are men. It was about all I could say when I came among you, and I was not so sure of that even, with that brand of heresy on my brow that was still smarting from the burns. But you said: "It is all right; there is your work among the poor and in the pulpit, and we are right here to help you in the one and hear you in the other." And you were my tutors, if I ever learned how to preach, and were what Paul would call my helpers in the Lord. So, in speaking about ourselves, I have had no option but to dwell on this memory, first of all for my own sake, and then for another reason and a better.

It may fall out that the new generation which is taking charge of our good cause in this city will stumble on some rude, rough block that has been cast out as worthless or as a stumbling block indeed and rock of offense, and you will perhaps wonder whether it is worth your while to take it in and see what can be made of it after all. Now, God forbid that I should boast, but if ever you should hear these old veterans say that there was some worth in the twenty years and more of my ministry in this town, mind what I tell you to-night: It was their courage and patience and loyalty—the fathers and mothers—that made me what I was. The reason lies with those gray heads and ever warm hearts, and others to match them, that are now lying still in Rosehill and in Grace-land; and—if I may use a term I rather like to use,—"don't you forget it." Give such an one, if you find him, the good welcome they gave me, and be sure that the better half of what he may be and do, if he is worth his salt, lies with you. I wonder still how they did stand it and bear with me and hold up my hands and heart. But so it was, and so it will be again, no doubt, if the new generation is true to its trust as the old was. Another memory stirs in me as I think of those good old times. It came to pass thirty years ago this summer, in this month, and it may be in this very week, that the old hive swarmed. It was not a strong hive, but the time had come for swarming, and so it had to be done. And the new swarm clustered on the north side and waited for a hive of its own, and got one, and got into it in the winter of 1859—Christmas day, of all days in the year—and it was the coldest hive any swarm ever tried to endure.

And then you know the story. We had two churches, if I may drop my metaphor, and I was called to the ministry of the second church. This is all about ourselves and among ourselves, and so I may venture to say again that it grew clear in no long time that the daughter was not quite of the same temper and disposition as the mother; and I might even go so far as to say the dynamitic words radical and conservative, and use these as the terms of a certain difference and distinction. Now, when you strike these lines in religion there is still apt to be trouble, but in those times we were a little more sensitive about them even than we are now. The minister of the new church was called to take the pulpit, or platform rather, of Theodore Parker, in Boston; called twice, indeed, but had the good sense to say no twice. But you will see how such a call would help settle the question as to which side he must belong, and the church that held on to him, as I think, by its heart-strings. But the truth was this: that to save his soul the minister could not have told you what he was, and he is still very much of that mind. I fear or hope—I do not know which—that he said what came first and let it go for what it was worth; but there was no system about it and no training; only this one purpose and plan: to be true to his own soul. So the purpose and plan must have leaned to radicalism if it was so, while that of the mother church leaned toward conservatism, especially in the good and loyal hearts of men like Jonathan Burr and of many good women, who wanted it all down in black and white, just as Channing

said it. And I mention it only for this reason. You may be sure, as it crowds my heart with proud and tender memories again, that the old mother church, true as the daylight to her own spirit and purpose, was true as the daylight to her daughter, and said what a great minister said of his son when he found out what a radical he was: "I don't believe in his beliefs, but I do believe in him." So the old brave mother Messiah said of her daughter Unity, she was not going back on her well-born child. They were going to stand shoulder to shoulder, even if eyes front was not to be learnt, and one did look to the right and the other to the left.

And so the day never came in all those twenty years when the two churches were not one in the spirit and purpose to stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ had made them free, and to keep free of entanglement in the yoke of bondage. Radicalism and conservatism, if the distinction must be drawn, were only as the double beat of the one heart, or as the forces that hold the stars on their steadfast way. It comes back to me now in tender memories touched with tears, how we never saw the day, so far as the two churches were concerned, when their ministers were not just as welcome in the one pulpit as the other; when in our little festivals on both sides of the river we were not only all welcome, but all expected. And what good times we did have at those festivals, to be sure; and how "poor as a church mouse" did lose its meaning! So the second thing I love to remember "about ourselves," the two churches first, and then the three and then the four, is that we never grew weak and poor, or sour and bitter, or even distant, as we say, because we could not quite agree. It was a good, honest give and take; we were of one heart when we were not quite of one opinion, of the same household of faith, while we loved each our own rooms with their windows to the rising or the setting sun, or the north or the south, and none of us were so sure we were right as we were sure we were all right so long as we stood true to the words of the Master—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another."

Then another memory stirs me and takes a wider sweep and grows very sweet and good as I plod on toward sunset and my rest. It is told of old Mr. Lenox, that when Doctor Dewey had newly come to New York, and Lenox, who was a good Presbyterian, met him in a company, and, inquiring who he was, was told he was the new minister of the Unitarian church of the Messiah, the old gentleman sighed and said, then may God have mercy on his soul! Now I have good reason for believing that, all those years ago, there was such an element of sincere and painful bigotry in this city; but I do not think it outlived the years I remember, and I am sure there was left in it no man to whom two and two would make four who would say, touching any good and sincere Unitarian, "Well, may God have mercy on his soul!" And for this there was a good and sound reason. Channing had said many years before our time, "I value Unitarianism only as a charter of freedom wherewith to seek the truth from God and his Christ, and to meet the wants of the soul as it seeks that truth." And then he said: "I want to stand under the broad sky to look for the truth, and welcome it from whatever quarter it may come," and, once more, that he wanted to be one with all those who were seekers of the truth wherever he might find them, and would not now that he had broken away from the bondage of one sect go into bondage with another—no, not even with the Unitarians if this should be their purpose.

Moral Heroism.

Life is single, with an eye
One with the humor of every sky;
Only the timorous stand with dread
Where the near gods have bid them tread.
Out of the rainbow pluck the storm,
And from the tempest all its harm.
We may be saved by many ways,
But never where the coward stays.

H. L. T.

Conversation.

There is a very wonderful and beautiful promise in the fiftieth Psalm that needs frequent repetition in these days: "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God."

It is very much to be *true* in our conversation. Upon the reading of this remark, your first exclamation will be, "Why, I am true!" But think it over, see if you always say exactly what you mean, if you say anything; or if you sometimes let a wrong expression of your opinion go forth in your silence. Politeness demands much from us, and we sometimes are so anxious to give all she demands that we are not absolutely truthful. It is very hard to be disagreeable, and so easy to be gracefully pleasing, and seemingly kind, or to think it is not just *our* business to say an unpleasantly true or wholesome thing. Sometimes it is not our business—we need not go up and down the world soliciting unpleasant conversation; but if we are conversing, let us do it in an honest way. I heard some one say the other day, when speaking of a man who was singularly intelligent, well read, and clear in his opinions, which were always his own, and grew out of much thought and sifting, "Well, he is smart enough to dare to be honest." There is a good deal more in this remark than we are quite willing to believe, and it will bear thinking about.

Further, it is much to be *kind* in our conversation. We can say what we do say in a polite way, a gentle or a strong way, a sympathetic or a reproving way, as the need may be. Nothing which is untrue or cowardly can be kind. Very often a person goes on thinking in a wrong way upon a subject about which he holds decided, and decidedly expressed, opinions, because no one of the many persons he has conversed with has had the courage or the kindness to show him he was all wrong. We are very apt to color the expression of our opinions by the general tone of the company of conversationalists in which we may be. Perhaps we do this unconsciously; and yet, it is not a true thing nor a kind thing to do even while it seems polite.

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

It is much to have our conversation *clean*. Do not start and think I am making an unnecessary remark to intelligent, cultivated people. Alas, nothing that can be said about conversation is more sadly needed than this. Everywhere we meet "smuttiness." Not alone in the bar-room, the smoking car, the corner lounging place and the low assembling places of our land, but in the homes, among our boys and girls, among their mothers and fathers, their grown brothers and sisters. There is so much funniness, sometimes, in a slightly smutty story that it travels on and on along a line of people whom you would suppose would never repeat it. This thought of perfect *cleanliness* in our conversation bears, too, its need of careful thinking over in order that we may guard our lips.

Be ready to say the strong word. The ability to do this in all needy places seems a gift with some persons; but, if you will watch and ask, you will find that it is not an easy, natural thing to do, but is the outcome of goodness, thought, earnestness, unselfishness and a desire to help in the progress of the world.

"Turning the conversation" is, perhaps, one form of this. If you see that a conversation grows unkindly personal, or dwells upon a subject that is unpleasant or painful to some one present, or is not good for the boy or girl who is listening, or is not profitable in any way, put in your strong turning word. You may do more good than you know. Words are powerful things. If you keep your own, and those of as many others as you can influence, kind, true, clean and strong, your mission cannot be called a small one.

Carleton says:

"Careful with fire, is good advice we know,
'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Last of all, we touch upon the promised reward to him who ordereth his conversation aright. "To him will I shew

the salvation of God." Very ample is it—full of peace and satisfaction. One beautiful phase of it is that we do not have to wait to the end of our lives to see it. If we keep our conversation always ordered aright, we shall see the salvation of God all along our way. Life will be rich and beautiful; returns that seem all out of proportion to our efforts will flow in upon us; we shall feel that we are a help, a comfort, a power in the world, and the right thought that must lie back of the right word will make us grow in grace and strength.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE.**Temperance in the Church.**

EDITOR OF UNITY:—Your lively columns induce me to give you a passing notice of progressive work at Luverne, Minnesota. The Unitarian banner is afloat, and the standard bearer and body-guards are at their posts, while the regiment is ready for marching or for fatigue service. (I was forgetting army phrases till President Cleveland gave the order to return the rebel flags!)

Last Sunday was "Flower Sunday," the first such in the life of the society. The result was very satisfactory and we hope very useful. In the first place there was the *Banner*, exhibited at the Western Conference meetings recently held in Chicago, which appeared in public here for the first time. The Sunday-school answered the following questions:

1. What are the great words on the banner about God?
Ans. The Fatherhood of God.
2. What are the great words about man?
Ans. The Brotherhood of man.
3. What are the words by which we fellowship all who work with us?
Ans. Truth, righteousness and love.
4. What do W. U. C. mean?
Ans. Western Unitarian Conference. (Then we looked on the other side of the banner.)

5. What is the name of this society?
Ans. Unity Congregational Society of Luverne, Minnesota.
6. What is the object of this society?
Ans. To promote True Christianity as the Religion of Righteousness, Freedom and Fellowship.

We used the "Service of Beauty," to which we had added the singing and responses on the 123rd page of "Sunny Side." The twelve recitations of the masters and misses made an instructive entertainment to the parents and friends of the Sunday-school. With the "Service of Beauty" it seemed a fit time to introduce some moral instruction lest the "Beauty God hath given might win us from the work ordained of Heaven." So I took the opportunity to explain to the people, who crowded the hall in which we worship, the object of the "Unitarian Church Temperance Society," also reading the Constitution. The congregation seemed to be deeply interested in the plan and the general method. I had resolved to see if the Sunday-school would freely take a pledge while "among the lilies" and surrounded with flowers. So they were all asked if they would willingly take a pledge not to use intoxicating liquor or tobacco for the next twelve months. They all voted *yes*. Then came the subject of profane swearing. The thing was explained and attention called to the aptness of children, in anger, to say what they hear their elders say, and we should be very careful not to ask a pledge which any are liable to break. When we were ready the pledge was presented as follows:

THE TRUE HELPERS' PLEDGE.

"I do faithfully promise that I will not drink any alcoholic liquors nor use any tobacco during the next twelve months, nor will I intentionally use any profane language." The exhortation to be faithful and add to their number during the year, with the blessing on them as thus entering the church by the temple gate, seemed to impress the parents quite as much as it did the children. The children all took the

pledge standing; when they were seated I turned to the congregation. I did have to admit to them that I could not ask them to follow the example of the children! I felt that we stood on delicate ground, but, as a teacher, I declared the whole truth about the effect of tobacco on the body and on the mind. I think some wives there were sad that things are as they are, and daily the fathers of those boys smoke in their presence. I think the children gave the most eloquent sermon ever given in that hall—as action is more eloquent than words. But it was the time to see if all that congregation would voluntarily subscribe to the following declaration and obligation. I was desirous of doing this, because directly opposite on the other side of the street are three saloons licensed at \$500.00, and to be licensed after the first of July, probably, for \$1000.00 annually.

DECLARATION AND OBLIGATION.

"The purpose of this society shall be to work for the cause of Temperance in whatever ways may seem to it wise and right; to study the social problems of poverty, crime and disease in their relations to intoxicating drinks, and to diffuse whatever knowledge may be gained; to discuss methods of temperance reform; to devise, and, so far as possible, to execute plans for reform when it is practicable to do so."

"We recognize our duty to be watchful of our influence over others, and discourage, in all ways that commend themselves to our judgment and conscience, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

After a sufficient explanation I asked all in the congregation who heartily approved of this declaration and obligation, if they would be pleased to signify it by rising. Greatly to my delight nearly every adult person in the house arose. Was it not grand to pledge *duty* in the midst of *beauty*? It was a delightful hour for children and parents.

We are only five hundred miles west of Chicago, and the sun to-day does not shine on a more beautiful country than this valley of the Rock river in southwestern Minnesota and northern Iowa. Remember that the first Unitarian sermon ever preached here *was in the month of November last*. We are looking forward for a church edifice, and hope the abundant crop of this year will give the necessary means to build it.

A man from Mankato, Minn., came up, and said he was a Methodist, but we had the most pleasing service he ever witnessed. He wanted something to carry away, and he took the resolutions and statement of doctrines which were passed at the last session of the Western Conference.

May I not ask some of my brother ministers if it is not well to bring together into the closest union the useful and the good?

The services closed by the "communion of the Flowers," everybody in the house taking of the emblems of "Divinity" in the beauty of a small bouquet, which is a "broken sight" of the All-Beauty.

S. S. H.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Nameless Nobleman. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Ticknor & Co. publish a series of novels for summer reading which is deservedly successful. The series for this year consists of thirteen volumes, one appearing each week through the months of May, June and July, and includes some of the most successful novels of the past few years. "A Nameless Nobleman" is one of the best of these; it is the story of a French nobleman who left the roses of Provence and the gayeties of the French court under Louis Quatorze for New England life among the Puritans in Plymouth. The reputation of the book is already assured—this is the seventeenth edition—but it will gain new friends in this form. Other books in this series are "Guenn, The Story of Margaret Kent," and Howe's "Story of a Country Town." With good paper, good print and heavy paper covers, they yet sell for fifty cents a volume.

E. E. M.

THE HOME.

Two Pets.

Is there any especial thing in your church, UNITY children, which you love more than anything else, and which you like to look at every time you go there? Perhaps you have never thought of it in this way, but every child could find some spot or some thing to especially care for and enjoy,—a window, a bit of carving, a pew belonging to himself or some one else, or a picture. I am not going to tell you what I love best in my church, but I am going to tell you of two things I saw last summer in England, which are the pride and joy of a little country church many centuries old. The church stands on a little hill rising from Sedge moor, where many battles have been fought. One of these things is a stone figure of a Crusader, representing some knight who had been to the "Holy Land," to do what he thought a brave and good deed,—to fight and kill those who had possession of the tomb where Jesus is supposed to have been buried. This old stone figure, with its legs crossed,—showing that the person in whose memory it had been made had really been in the "Holy Land,"—had for centuries stood in the little church-yard, among the old tombs and graves, but of late it has been taken into the church to preserve it, as it is the only Crusader they have! It is much worn by many suns and many rains and winds, and by heat and cold, and dampness. One or both feet are broken, and the armor which nowadays it is clothed in is lichen and moss, of many colored greens and grays! One of the hands laid across the chest is worn away, so that only the shadow of it, as it were, remains. But the most pitiful thing is the poor face, worn nearly smooth by the rain and wind, which for centuries have swept across it! The head is of a queer shape, long and narrow, with deep holes where the eyes once were; there is scarcely a trace of nose or mouth, but on cheek and chin two or three round holes, where water has, by constant dropping perhaps, worn away the stone,—and the helmet is of moss.

This is *one* of the pets of the little church;—this unknown hero, tenderly cared for by loving hands.

The other is a font! You all know who King Alfred was,—if you do not, ask your father or mother to tell you! And now I have only time to say that after one of his many battles with the Danes, on this very spot, he made peace with Guthrum, the leader, or petty king it may be, on condition that the latter would be baptized! So he sent to London for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for the sake of peace, perhaps, this Dane was baptized. This very font they say, and I believe it, was used on that occasion. The christening took place in the open air at the foot of the little hill where the church stands; and I dare say the hill-side was covered with warriors all anxious to witness the solemn ceremony. For hundreds of years it stood, and perhaps was often used, at the foot of the hill where the great christening occurred, for it was found not so very long ago buried deep down in the earth. And because of the rough, rude shape, and the legends of the spot, it was taken up from the earth, christened "King Alfred's Font," and received into the church. Now it stands just by the entrance, where all the little babies are baptized, and through this ceremony, it is believed, they enter into the church family.

We people out west have a little personal interest in this font, aside from the story I have just told you. A few years ago a young man, a son of the pastor of the little old church, came to America for his health, and went to Colorado. He grew worse and died among strangers; but every one very kind to him, and his pretty sister told me, with tears in her eyes, that she loved all Americans for that reason.

In a town in Colorado, in the little Episcopal church, there is a small stone model of this very font, sent by the parents of the young Englishman, in loving memory of him, to the American strangers who were so kind to their son. S. B. B.

July 9, 1887

UNITY.

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JENKIN LLOYD JONES,

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston Notes.—At the closing meeting for the summer of Rev. James Freeman Clarke's society, a letter from him was read. He hopes to return to his pulpit with renewed strength in October.

—In our city the union services of our churches will be held during the summer in our First church in the center of the city and in the New South church at the south end. Our city ministers will preach almost every Sunday in some chapel in the mountains or by the seashore. A few will do missionary work in the west.

—The salvation army of our city continues to preach in a small hall. No persecution and not much notice is excited by their public or private parades.

—Rev. Mr. Hale's church building will be occupied as a Hebrew synagogue in September next. Doctor Hale will probably occupy a hall until he finds a new church home.

—July fourth has passed with usual pomp and circumstance and fire-crackers. More noisy than usual. "Country Week" excursions for poor children begin now. Ministers of all denominations who will remain in town during July and August are registering their names at the Young Men's Christian Union as ready to serve distressed and bereaved families. The great hegira of families with their school children has begun. This season our seashore facilities are more limited than for some years past, because heretofore all kinds of such facilities have not paid a dividend. A good deal of missionary work is to be done in small parishes in New England this summer.

Humboldt, Iowa.—Our parish, though located in a most quiet and unassuming little town, loyally points with pride to her minister, as we think justly on many grounds, but we now have one new reason upon which we base our claim for a distinction not enjoyed by any other society, either liberal or orthodox, in the world. Our honored and beloved Rev. Marion Murdock has returned to us this week from the Meadville commencement with a diploma showing that she has received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and she is the only woman in the world upon whom this degree has been conferred. However, we do not harbor any feeling of selfishness in the matter, and trust others of our most worthy reverend women will follow her example, and that numerous sister parishes may soon lay like claim to honors for their pastors.

Philadelphia.—The Anti-Poverty Society in this city enjoys a flourishing existence, and has Sunday evening meetings that are regarded with great interest.

—An extensive plan for the evangelization of the city is afoot for the fall. A house-to-house visitation is proposed.

—Unity church, Camden, is the only liberal meeting-place in this vicinity that is now open, and it is probable there will be a continuation of its work right through the hot weather.

—The Woodstown experiment toward Unitarian organization is in the hands of enthusiastic workers. If the Camden people establish their paper in the fall, as is altogether likely, these smaller circles are certain to realize a help from its leverage, as accomplished by the more general circulation of worthy liberal literature.

—Mr. Haskell gives a fine account of the work that Mr. Gilbert is likely to accomplish at Vineland.

H. L. T.

Cincinnati.—Mr. Thayer has begun the publication of a new series of sermons on Reasonable Religion. No. 1 is entitled "Work and Salvation;" No. 2, "The New Bible."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, residence 3939 Langley avenue. Sunday, July 10, Mr. Jones will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30. Teachers' meetings suspended until September. The church and Sunday-school will be kept open throughout the summer, Mr. Jones occupying the pulpit July 10 and 17, after which the services will be conducted by members of the society.

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